

# Infamous Angel

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Last night before I went to sleep,  
My knees dropped to the floor.  
I turned me eyes up to the sky,  
And I prayed: "Please help me, Lord.  
"You know I've sowed my wild oats,  
"And now the fun's all gone."  
And then I heard these tender words,  
And I put them in my song:

"Infamous Angel, come on home,  
"To someone who loves you,  
"And knows you needed to roam.  
"Grab your things, a ticket's waiting,  
"At the bus depot:  
"For: 'Infamous Angel, Destination: Home'."

I heard Heaven's choir rejoicing,  
As the tears broke from my eyes.  
And all at once it lifted,  
The weight from my past life.  
I found a pen and I left a note,  
On the dresser drawer:  
"Infamous Angel: she don't live here anymore."

"Infamous Angel, come on home,  
"To someone who loves you,  
"And knows you needed to roam.  
"Grab your things, a ticket's waiting,  
"At the bus depot:  
"For: 'Infamous Angel, Destination: Home'."

Then I hurried out the back door,  
As quickly as I could.  
I went flying down two flights of stairs,  
'Til on the street I stood.  
And there I took that final look,  
At my old neighbourhood.  
Then I ran down the street proclaiming:  
"Angel: gone for good."

Infamous Angel, going home,  
To someone who loves her,  
And knows she needed to roam.  
She grabbed her things and claimed the ticket,  
At the bus depot:  
For: "Infamous Angel, Destination: Home."  
"Infamous Angel, Destination: Home."